

## **It's The End of the World.... You know the rest... by CasaByers**

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**Summary:**

Jonathan and Nancy meet up at the end of the world.

## **It's The End of the World.... You know the rest...**

### **Author's Note:**

some jancy fluff for y'all! Enjoy!

*"... Leading scientists say that they have exhausted every last idea, there is nothing that can be done about it. As the world braces for 4 hours from now."*

The man on the evening news said through the older television set that was mounted on the wall behind the counter. The diner was filled with random people, no one was talking, everyone looking sullenly at the coffee they had ordered. The snow storm outside added to the isolated and depressing atmosphere.

Jonathan Byers sat at a window booth. His hands gripping his mug of coffee, there was no comfort in it. Nothing about tonight was comfortable. Everyone in this diner was here for the same reason: roads too dangerous to travel, all flights canceled. His right hand had a bruise on the knuckle, a reminder of just how chaotic everything was right now. He had just wanted to call his mom.

He took a long breath in, his stomach growled. He could eat right now but what would be the point? Nothing mattered anymore. And in less than 4 hours, it never will again.

He drowned out the news, wishing they would shut it off, he closed his eyes and tried to think of anything. Something. Nothing. He stared back at his coffee and tried to hold in the tears.

The front door chimed and he looked up, watched as someone else walked in. Another lonely soul. He went back to staring at his black untouched coffee.

Nancy shivered as she finally walked into the diner, it was the only place she saw that was open as she had been forced to walk all this way from the airport, and she didn't want to spend the remaining

hours stuck in Laguardia. she could barely feel her toes or fingers as she absorbed the warmth around her. She pulled down the hood of her coat, and pulled her small carry bag with her to the counter.

The guy behind the counter looked like he'd finished crying a bit ago. He just nodded before she said anything and poured her a cup of black coffee before he turned back to the tv and just stared at it.

Nancy sighed, she quickly sipped the hot coffee to keep the tears from falling. It's all she could do to not break down. her flight had been canceled. she couldn't see her family. There was no way for her to call at the airport, she had wanted to use the pay phone outside but kept seeing people fighting over it, so she decided she would wait.

Nancy looked around the diner, there was nowhere to sit, she was debating simply sitting on the floor and then her eyes fell on a lone figure at a booth.

What struck her was that he was a young man, had a head of unkempt hair, he kept running a hand through it so she saw why, she saw a suitcase on the bench next to him.

She watched him a moment before finally deciding.

She walked over, coffee in hand and suit case pulled behind her.

"Is this seat taken?" She asked gently.

The young man's eyes left the window and darted to her, surprised and confused by the look on his face.

Nancy realized he was quite handsome, surprisingly so.

When he didn't reply she motioned to the bench seat and that seemed to make him realize what she had asked. "Oh gosh, yes, please... sorry."

His voice was soft with a gentle rasp and that surprised her as well. She slid into the booth and set her mug on the table top.

They sat in silence for a moment, and then Nancy decided to take the

initiative on this, “Nancy Wheeler,” she said as she reached her hand across the table top towards him.

He looked at her oddly for a moment, but seemed to realize what was happening. “Jonathan Byers, sorry I’m sort of...” he shook her hand, his hand was warm and soft. He pulled back gently.

“No it’s okay, I get it. I sort of interrupted your solitude.”

She replied. She was wondering if she should leave, he clearly wanted to be alone.

Jonathan arched a brow, “no it’s okay, I... I could use the company.” He whispered softly.

Nancy smiled gently at him, it was a sad smile, but the most genuine she’d given to anyone the last few weeks.

Jonathan was sort of perplexed, this girl just appeared out of thin air and she wanted to talk to him. She was very pretty and he was very perplexed but he realized he needed to stop being weird and actually make eye contact with her in some way, engage with her.

When she gave him that sad smile he wanted to smile back, he couldn’t, it was hard, but his eyes seemed to convey how he felt, he watched her shoulders relax. He felt himself relax.

“So what’s your story?” She asked suddenly.

Jonathan met her bright blue eyes, startled by her question, but it made sense.

“I was trying to get back to my mom and brother in Chicago... but the roads won’t let me... I didn’t want to end up on the side of the road during this storm.” He said softly.

Nancy nodded, “flights canceled, I was trying to get back to Indiana. That’s not happening,” she said.

Jonathan watched her, he placed his elbow on the table top and

leaned forward just a bit. She did the same, mirroring him.

“What happened there?” She asked, she reached and gently touched his knuckles.

Jonathan was surprised by the touch but he didn’t move his hand, “someone tried to take the phone from me, so I punched him... was sort of a failure as another guy grabbed me and tossed me onto the pavement. I haven’t been able to call home.” He said softly.

Nancy’s fingers were lightly tapping on the back of his hand as it rested on the table top.

“Yeah there were lines at the airport and it was startling to get hostile.” She whispered.

“Sorry,” was all he could say. His mind kept going back to her fingers, delicate on his hand.

“Me too,” she said as she looked at him.

they sat in silence for a moment longer, until Jonathan’s stomach growled again. He sat back in the seat and looked embarrassed. “Sorry... I haven’t eaten in a while,” he said blushing.

Nancy smiled warmly at him, she wordlessly stood up and walked to the counter.

Jonathan watched her for a moment. For a moment he forgot why they were here, for a moment he didn’t feel the weight of absolute dread.

Nancy asked the man behind the counter for a slice of pie with ice cream. She went to pay but he put his hand up, “on the house... you two love birds find some joy before all this ends,” the man said gently. He mustered what he could of a smile before he turned back to the tv.

Nancy was struck still, the feeling of doom had left her briefly as she talked to Jonathan, She looked back at him, he was now staring out

the window.

Jonathan heard her approach and he looked over, she had set the plate of pie in front of him and then scooted into the seat next to him. To his shock, she was pressed into his side and set two forks onto the tabletop.

He glanced at her and for the first time in weeks he mustered a tiny smile.

Nancy gave a tiny one back, before they each grabbed a fork and dug into the apple pie.

“So finally our mom finished the belt and put it on Chester, we all looked so silly, but Will and El were really happy as Luke and Leia and with me as Han we owned that Halloween,” Jonathan finished.

Nancy was smiling at him, “gosh that puts my wearing elf ears to play dungeons and dragons to shame,” she said as she poked his side gently.

They were huddled together at the table, talking about their lives for the last hour, ignoring the world.

“So what brought you to New York?” Nancy finally asked.

Jonathan sighed, “I needed a change of scenery. It has always been a dream of mine, the dream of going to NYU had faded but I still wanted to go to New York. So I did. I was fortunate enough to find two roommates looking for a third roommate, that fixed that problem and I’ve been doing part time as a photographer for a small newspaper and working at a record store,” Jonathan said as he looked at Nancy, watching her watching him speak.

“I’m shocked we never ran into each other,” she said. “After I dropped out of Indiana U, I sort of fled to New York, my dad was furious but my mom really wanted me to try and change things for myself, I’ll admit she sends me money each month for rent but I do work as a legal secretary right now, my dream is journalism.” Nancy said with a small nod.

"We should both see if we can get jobs at the New York Times, be Lois Lane and Jimmy Olsen," Jonathan said with a small smirk.

Nancy smiled gently at him after that. She decided to get even more personal. "So... girlfriend made it back home to the family?" Nancy asked.

Jonathan looked confused for a moment but then shook his head, "no girlfriend," he said before he sipped his cola.

Nancy was surprised, "yeah I left my now ex-boyfriend in Indiana 3 years ago." Admitting that felt weird, she still felt guilty about that.

Jonathan seemed deep in thought and he took a deep breath as if he was going to admit something, "I guess it's fine now to admit, but I've never even had a girlfriend... I kissed a girl once in middle school but she was dared to and I was laughed at after."

Nancy cocked her brow and looked at him, "you're telling me you have never had a girlfriend... what about here... no going out with the roommates and hitting up the bars and clubs?" She asked.

Jonathan blushed, "both of them are typical college archetypes, girl crazy people, that's all they seem to do... but I just... no." He shrugged lightly.

Nancy squinted at him, Jonathan's eyes got a little wide, "I like girls... like, I really like girls and I always liked the idea of having a girlfriend, I just never got a chance to even get to that point..." he paused. "Between Will being sick and me having to take care of the household and working jobs and then coming to this city and I just never thought about it. Never took the time," he shrugged defensively.

Nancy stopped staring at him like he was strange, "my ex, Steve, was the only guy I ever was with. I also didn't have time, I also didn't really get how to safely meet anyone in the big city, it's intimidating," she admitted.

Jonathan nodded, "right?" He thought for a moment, "wait... you said your boyfriend was named Steve and he's from Indiana?" He

asked.

Nancy nodded.

“Steve Harrington?” he asked after a moment.

Nancy looked at him startled, “yes, you know him?”

Jonathan almost laughed, “he’s one of my roommates,” he shook his head.

Nancy was shocked, “he’s been in New York the whole time?” She asked.

Jonathan shrugged, “he told me he came here looking for his girlfriend that fled to the city... but then he met someone else...” Jonathan realized how that sounded and was ready to apologize.

Nancy almost laughed, “gosh, he’s always been... flaky. Well at least he moved on.” Nancy said.

Jonathan laughed, “oh I mean he has I guess, the someone he met, he was mixing up her signals, she’s a lesbian, he didn’t catch on to that. But they go out and try to pick up girls together so I guess it worked out,” Jonathan said.

Nancy was stunned by this but then she started to laugh.

Jonathan looked at her startled but smiled slightly.

“Wait, is she your other roommate?” She asked.

Jonathan nodded, “yup, they’re both okay, weird and too much at times but I just ignore it,” he shrugged.

Nancy laughed, “wow, New York really is too big.”

Jonathan nodded, “and don’t worry, Steve only ever said kind things about you... he did say you were a nerd...” he trailed off.

Nancy gasped, “I am not... well maybe I am...” she had to think about that.



Jonathan leaned closer, "GPA in high school was 4.1," Jonathan said.

Nancy's eyes got wide, "okay, you're a super nerd... mine was higher though," Nancy said with a small smile.

Jonathan's eyes lit up at her.

Suddenly their calm was interrupted by a car horn honking outside, they both jumped and looked, another fight over the phone booth.

And Nancy and Jonathan were slung back into the present, the reality of why they were here.

They also realized they had clung to each other's hands, they gently pulled their hands apart.

Jonathan looked down at his empty glass of soda, he looked tense.

Nancy glanced at the TV, "TWO HOURS REMAIN" in big bold letters. She felt sick. And then she looked at Jonathan and an idea popped into her head, one that made her tummy flip.

"Let's um... why don't we change something for you," Nancy whispered.

Jonathan looked at her oddly.

She slid from the booth and reached her hand out for him, he grasped her hand and let her pull him out, and he followed her around a couple of tables and towards the back of the diner.

They approached the ladies room and Nancy pushed the door open and dragged Jonathan in, before she shut the door and turned the lock.

Jonathan looked at her confused, "why are we in the ladies room... why am I in the ladies room?" he asked as he looked around worried. It was only them in the room, though.

"Look, the reality is in two hours... what's going to happen is going to happen... I like you... I wish I had met you long before this... let's

make this memorable,” Nancy whispered.

Jonathan was confused for a solid minute and then it seemed to hit him, his eyes got wide, his mouth dropped open, “oh you... oh...” he blushed deeply and dropped his eyes. “You don’t have to...” he murmured.

“No I don’t, but I want to, you’re really cute and sweet...” Nancy whispered as she stepped closer.

Jonathan finally looked up, “I wish I had met you long before this as well,” he paused and licked his lips, “and you’re absolutely gorgeous and amazing and I’m still puzzled you’d want to spend your final hours with a guy like me.” Jonathan admitted.

Nancy stepped closer and gently tugged on the front of his jacket, “then let’s make it memorable...” and she leaned up and pressed a kiss to his lips.

Jonathan practically melted into her lips a second after she pressed hers to his, he wrapped his arms around her waist and back and pulled her flush against his chest, deepening the kiss. Eliciting a startled whimper from her. Her hands went around his neck and one into his hair.

He grunted softly, enjoying that feeling so she kept gently running her nails across his scalp.

Nancy started to step back and pull Jonathan with her until her back hit the bathroom door, and she dragged her hands down his chest until she reached the front of her own jeans.

Jonathan felt her hands down there and pulled away from the kiss, he watched as she pushed her jeans down her hips along with her panties.

Jonathan let out a sound that was both a groan and a whimper and he looked up to meet her eyes, she had her clothes pushed down and then Nancy started to undo his jeans.

Jonathan shook nervously when her knuckles brushed against him, she pressed a kiss to his lips briefly before she got busy pushing his

jeans and boxers down just enough. He sprung free and Jonathan hissed as the cold air hit his hot skin.

Nancy arched her brow at him as she gently held him in her hand, “oh,” she whispered softly.

Jonathan blushed deeply and didn’t know what to do with his hands so he just placed them on her hips.

Nancy leaned up and gently kissed him again, she let go of him and wrapped her arms around his neck, his hands dropped to her thighs and then Nancy used that leverage and jumped, wrapping her legs around his waist. Jonathan quickly put his hands on her ass and held her gently.

“Um, I don’t have... anything...” he whispered between her kissing his lips and then his jaw.

“It’s okay, I’ll be fine...” she whispered back.

They both didn’t mention that in a couple of hours it wouldn’t matter.

So Jonathan reached and lined himself up and slid in. She was already wet, it shocked him how wet and hot she was.

Nancy hissed as he slid in slowly, she grabbed the back of his head and locked her lips to his. Whimpering when he finally bottomed out.

Jonathan was ready to burst. He had never felt anything so good. So nice.

Nancy wiggled her hips and he started to move his. Gently pumping in and out of her.

he was getting closer and suddenly Nancy had her hand between them again, he looked down and watched as she started to touch herself right where he was sliding and in and out. He reached his hand and gently placed two fingers next to hers to mimic, her head tipped back and her hand moved to allow him access.

“Yes,” she whispered softly.

Jonathan was watching his fingers and his dick sliding in and out of her. He looked up and that did him in. Her mouth was open, her chest was heaving.

He squeezed his eyes shut, squeezed her hip and his fingers pressed harder and sped up on her button.

Nancy let out a shocked cry as she came shortly after him.

Jonathan slumped forward against her and breathed into her neck.

He gently let her down and then began the process of cleaning up.

But Nancy was happy. She leaned and kissed his lips when he finished zipping himself up, he had grabbed her a few paper towels.

He was blushing but had a little grin on his face.

“Wow,” he whispered as Nancy pulled her jeans back on.

“Yeah,” she walked up to him, “wow,” she kissed him again.

Jonathan smiled slightly and then he sobered up. “Wish i had met you... earlier,” he whispered.

Nancy took in a deep breath and nodded, “me too.”

They were silent as they exited the bathroom and walked back to their table. Only it was occupied. By two older couples. Their belongings were set in a chair nearby.

Nancy looked around puzzled about where to sit in the diner that was filling up.

“My car is outside, I can turn on the heater,” Jonathan said.

Nancy smiled and they grabbed their bags and walked back to his car. The snow was getting deeper and the storm wouldn't let up.

They made it to his Ford and piled in. Huffing and trying to warm up as Jonathan started the engine and turned on the heater. It blasted

cold air for a minute before it warmed up.

Nancy scooted closer to Jonathan as he turned on the radio and The Talking Heads started to play. She rested her head on his shoulder and he put his arm around her, her head went to rest on the front of his shoulder. She placed her hand on his stomach.

They sat for a moment.

Nancy started to draw patterns into his shirt, wishing she could see more of him, but happy because he smelled good, was nice to snuggle with. She felt oddly content.

Jonathan was running his hand up and down her arm. He was breathing in her scent, her shampoo. He had his eyes closed and felt like he could doze like this. Despite it all.

“So what would our first date have been?” Nancy asked suddenly.

Jonathan smiled slightly, “dinner and a movie because I’m new at this and don’t know what I’m doing,” he replied.

Nancy giggled, “I’d like that.”

They talked a little bit. Pausing at times. He’d swap out the music for another tape.

He noticed people starting to panic, and he realized what time it was, he glanced over at the pay phone and the phone was ripped out, so they couldn’t call. He checked his watch and rubbed his hands on his jeans.

Nancy sat up and gently took his arm and looked at his watch.

“10 minutes,” she said softly.

Jonathan nodded, “yeah... glad I’m not alone,” he whispered.

Nancy nodded, she scooted closer and placed her hand on his cheek, turning his head to her.

“You’re amazing and I can already tell you’re an amazing boyfriend, you’re sweet,” she whispered.

Jonathan leaned and kissed her, “you’re amazing... and just... amazing,” he smiled slightly.

She kissed him again, harder. They could hear distant shouts. Horns honking. But they were lost in their own world.

And then it stopped, the noise, and Nancy pulled back from him, they looked at each other... They were still in his car.

Storm was outside.

Jonathan checked his watch and furrowed his brow. He leaned over and switched from David Bowie to the news.

*“In what scientists and global leaders are calling a miracle, it appears the asteroid has passed us by.”* The radio said.

Jonathan and Nancy looked at each with wide eyes.

There was a chorus of horns honking and people screaming with joy.

“Oh my god!” Nancy said, almost crying.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and squeezed.

Jonathan hugged her back and sniffled as he held her tightly.

She kissed his cheek and he closed his eyes, savoring it.

“We need to call our families,” Nancy said.

Jonathan nodded, “yeah, still have to wait the snow out,” he said as he looked out the window.

Nancy was giddy.

Jonathan felt dread, “since we’re all still here I guess-“

“You’ll have to take me on that date now,” Nancy said as if she could understand his anxiety.

Jonathan smiled at her, “dinner and a movie it is” he said before he leaned and kissed her again.

They’d have to wait for driving and phone calls. But they still had each other.

Fin

**Author's Note:**

Read and review... it's the only way I'll keep writing.